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A Biblical Reputation.

An old and valuable correspondent, Mr. Lord, who is now residing in Illinois, was a short time since, traveling from Jacksonville to Peoria, in that State. As he was passing a small hut by the roadside, he noticed a ragged little boy, of about ten years of age, with large eyes and no hat, dressed in a worn out pair of his father's trowsers, trying to balance himself on the splintered top of a hickory stump.

More for the purpose of breaking the monotony of riding all day without speaking, than to gain information, Mr. Lord reined his horse up to the fence, and exclaimed.

"My little boy, can you tell me how far it is to Sangamon bottom?"

"Bout six miles, I reckon."

"Do you live in that house?" inquired Mr. Lord.

"I reckon," was the reply.

"Do you enjoy yourself out here in the woods?"

"A heap."

"What ails your pants?" says Lord.

"Tore 'em," was the laconic answer.

Finding that he had hold of a genius that couldn't be plumbed, Mr. Lord turned his horse's head to depart, but in his turn was now hailed by the boy, who, in a comical, half-reluctant tone, exclaimed,

"What mout your name be?"

"Lord," was the reply.

He grinned all over, even to the wrinkles in his father's trowsers, and seemed hardly able to suppress a broad snicker.

"You seemed pleased," said Lord; "perhaps you never heard the name before?"

"Yes, I have!" replied the youngster; "I've heard dad read about you!"

Lord put spurs to his horse, and says that even the sacred thoughts to which the incidents gave rise, were not sufficient to keep him from snickering the rest of his journey.

Gumming at Advertisements.

The following sensible remarks we clip from the Columbia Statesman:

Men, at times, are very unreasonable, and often practice one thing and preach another. For example, a farmer has beef, corn and tobacco to sell. Should a purchaser wish beef without the bone, corn without the cob, or tobacco without the stem, and this without paying an extra price over the regular terms, the farmer very properly would regard the proposition as outrageous, and the speculator as crazy. Yet men who buy and sell the bone as well as the beef, and think it all right, (as in truth it is,) are sometimes gumming at newspaper publishers for refusing to do it. Owners of newspapers refuse to sell corn without the cob, and beef without the bone, unless an extra price is paid, i. e. they refuse to publish a newspaper without advertisements. In doing this they only do what their readers practice in all matters of analogous character. Therefore, when a man complains of us for having advertisements in our paper, and expresses a wish that they may all be taken out, and reading matter substituted, we avow our perfect willingness to second his wishes on the payment of an extra price. To ask us to exclude all advertisements from our columns, and yet to sell our paper at present prices, would be as unreasonable as to ask one of our farmers to sell us beef without the bone, at five cents per pound while everybody else is selling both together at that sum. Do you see?

In short, this is the question. Will you have a paper with advertisements, or no paper at all? This is the true issue. The bone as well as the beef, or nothing, for a paper could no more be sustained without advertisements than a farmer could raise a crop without soil. With these few thoughts for a text, every one of our readers can make a sensible sermon on this subject.

The U. S. land office at Chillicothe, is to be removed to Columbus 1st of April next.

Nebraska Soil, Climate, &c.

The Cleveland Herald publishes the following letter from our friend William Walker, formerly well known and still fondly remembered by many of our citizens, as connected with the Wyandot nation. The Herald styles him the "provisional Governor of Nebraska." May that country never have a less meritorious citizen at its helm of State! The letter is of especial interest at the present time.

WEST JERSEY, Nebraska Ter'y, }
January 22, 1854.

DEAR SIR—I received your letter of the 4th inst., and although pretty well overrun with similar letters, some yet unanswered, I feel bound to give precedence to enquirers from the "Buckeye State."

The boundaries of the Territory, as at present defined, are as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the Missouri in latitude 43 deg. and longitude 98 deg. west; thence running due west to 106 deg. into the spurs of the Rocky mountains; thence south to the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min.; thence east till you strike the Missouri and Arkansas line; thence north till you strike the Missouri river; thence following the river upward to the place of beginning. Such is the area of Nebraska. The following tribes of Indians are within its limits, viz: First, the indigenous—Pawnees, Omahas, Otoes, Osages, Kansas, Missourians. Second, the emigrants—the Wyandotts, Shawnees, Delawares, Miamies, Kickapoos, Pottawottamies, Ottawas, Weas, Piankeshows, Peorias, Sacs, Foxes, Iowas. Such are the denizens. Among the most of these are residing Indian agents, Missionaries, (having charge of flourishing schools,) Indian traders, government employees, &c.

It is a rich champaign country, beautifully undulating and well watered, generally well supplied with good building stone. The soil is a rich loam with an admixture of sand, and on the low lands the deepest subsoil ploughing would not show any difference in color or quality of soil, almost inducing the belief that there was no clay or gravel basis. Even the high ridges are too rich to grow wheat, rye, or oats upon, without first subduing the soil with a crop or two of corn, tobacco, or hemp, after which fine and abundant crops of the former may be raised. The bottom lands are unsurpassed in richness and fertility; they are a black alluvial soil, adapted to the culture of corn, hemp, tobacco, sweet potatoes, melons, &c.

All the meadow grasses do well in this country except red clover. The long autumnal droughts and the absence of snow in the winter, render it an unprofitable grass to cultivate. There is one item, and it is an important one, that I cannot omit, as a faithful topographer, noticing as operating seriously against the durability of the soil, particularly in hilly or broken lands—that is the absence of a substantial clay or basis. The upper soil being of a light, loamy character, is carried away by the rains, so heavy and protracted in this country about ploughing time. The rich part of the soil, when under cultivation, is thus carried off to the bottom lands, rivers and ravines; and in a few years present an unseemly sight of sterile knobs, fissures and gutters, yielding only abundant crops of burs and Spanish needles.

The timber lands are confined chiefly to the streams. The timber is the usual variety of oaks, hickory, walnut, hackberry, mulberry, coffee bean, box elder, ash, honey locust, sycamore. The following timbers are not to be found. Beech, white walnut (or butter nut,) poplar, blue ash, chestnut, and very rarely the sugar maple. On the bottoms subject to inundation, the tall cotton wood, a timber of very rapid growth, and which grows to an enormous height when compared with the upland timber, equaling

"The tallest pine
Hewn from Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great Admiral."

I have already indicated the agricultural

products, but I will remark *en passant* that Irish potatoes cannot be successfully cultivated, except upon new ground. Land, cultivated two or three years will not yield good crops, though the same ground will yield abundantly any other product.

Fruit of all descriptions does well. In short it is emphatically a fruit country—the finest, largest and richest wild fruit is found in the greatest profusion. We can beat the world "and part of Kentuck" for paw-paws!

It is to be regretted that we are frequently deprived of the enjoyment of the Peach crop, either by the late frost, or sleet so common in this country. The scarcity of timber will, for a while, be a drawback to a compact settlement; but there are to be found, as will be demonstrated wherever a geological survey shall be made, all the elements provided by the God of nature to supply this deficiency;—such as stone for building and fencing, and stone coal for fuel.

A few words upon the climate. I do not know how to attempt a description. It is a land of storms—a climate combining the extremes of cold and heat, and these marked with great irregularity.

During the months of July and August, the mercury ranges from 90 deg. to 120 deg., and during the months of December and January (the coldest months) it is frequently as low as 20 deg. below zero.

It is supposed our altitude and proximity to the Mountains are the cause of it being colder than farther east on the same parallels of latitude.

We are seldom without wind, which in the winter renders it unpleasant traveling—and in this country, which like all countries, derive their charm from the elements of rural beauty, foliage and verdure, offers a sad colored picture to the traveler in wintry weather. But we are compensated for these inconveniences by fine roads for wheel carriages,—not artificial, but natural roads—no mud, mudholes, quagmires, marshes, swamps, and the like. Labradorian as the climate is, we seldom have snow enough to afford the luxury of sleigh rides. Our rides are, therefore, confined to buggies, barouches and on horse or mule back.

There is no lands in market in this territory, and will not be till after the organization by Congress. Such lands, in the mean time, may be purchased of the Indians, will be immediately surveyed and brought into market. I think the emigrant tribes will cede to the government their surplus lands and enter into the territorial organization as citizens. The Indians are not opposed to the settling the unoccupied or unappropriated lands by the Anglo Saxons, provided their own rights are respected. I have no doubt but Congress will organize this Territory at an early period, and the lands purchased from the Indians, together with the unappropriated lands belonging to the government, though set apart for Indian uses, will be speedily brought into market. Then the flattering prospects of the great Central railroad to the Pacific, passing through this region, will cause this territory to be filled up with unexampled rapidity, when the doors are opened. This is destined to be a great country.

* * * * * Like all new countries, emigrants have to take a seasoning with the ever prevailing billious intermittent fevers. Still it is healthy.

Yours, respectfully,

WM. WALKER.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A little fellow about five years old run across Vine street, near Sixth, yesterday, and in his course run between the fore legs of a horse, which was rapidly passing along. Prof. Tom. O. Edwards, who saw the occurrence, ran and snatched the boy, supposing he was injured in the attempt. But the boy, unhurt, pertly ejaculated—"Let him keep his horse out of my way; what do I care."

Courtship and Wedlock.

Courtship is usually a mere school of deception. Jane prefers that John should know as few of her faults as possible before marriage—no matter how many afterwards.—She dresses and puts on unaccustomed smiles to receive him. Thus the Jane he loves and weds proves to be two different persons.—The former was angelic, the latter is altogether human. The life of the sweetheart is a brilliant surface; that of the wife, a substance, dark and full of imperfections. The lover is no more candid than the mistress. What is the natural result? Bitter disappointment. Even where a good understanding exists before marriage, and the bride and the bridegroom have been wise enough to give each other a fair insight into their characters, they are apt to expect too much.—They forget that there are certain counterpoises as to the fruit and flowers in the paradise they are entering. For briars they are no way prepared. It would seem they should learn from those around them, since every youth and maiden must have more or less experience with the married. But every man fully believes himself to be an object of peculiar favor of woman. His case is exception, his ambition aims at what was never reached by married mortals, and if he be no philosopher, the failure will taste of gall. "I compared notes with one of my friends who expects everything in the universe," says Emerson, "and is disappointed when anything is less than the best; and I found that I began at the other extreme, expecting nothing, and always full of thanks for moderate goods." Would that all young persons could learn to enter the sacred ground of wedlock with this philosophic spirit!—But they will not, nor never will. Hope is too sweet for them. They will not stoop till they stumble. Lofty expectation hovers over the precipice of disappointment, towards which so many of our married friends have been lured, until too late to save themselves from tumbling down.

A HUSBAND IN TROUBLE.—A few days since a lawyer in this city was seated in his office busily employed in studying out a plea when the door opened, and a young stout son of Erin entered, doffed his hat, and said he desired to take an advice of "his honor." The lawyer bade him sit down, and inquired his business.

"Shure" he replied, "I want a divorce from my wife Biddy."

The lawyer asked what was the trouble, but Pat seemed loth to tell.

"Does she not treat you well, does she not take care of your house, has she deserted you or does she like any one better than yourself?" were inquiries made by the lawyer, who endeavored for some time in vain to pump out the least reason of the desire for a divorce. At last weary of the investigation, the disciple of Coke informed his would be client that he could do nothing for him without knowing the facts of the case.

"Well if I must I must," replied the husband: "sure ther's a little darlint I love better than Biddy."

The lawyer could hardly refrain from laughter sufficiently to inform the Hibernian that the law could not touch such a case as his, and Pat left with a countenance "more of sorrow than of anger."—[Boston Traveler.

FLAP JACKS.—Scald a quart of Indian meal with sufficient water to make a thin batter. When it is lukewarm, stir in half a pint of wheat flour, and a gill of yeast, and a teaspoonful of salt; let it stand over night. If sour in the morning, add a little saleratus, dissolved in water. Allow two tablespoonfulls of batter to a cake, and fry them in butter or nice lard enough to prevent them from sticking to the frying pan. Eat them while hot with butter and molasses, or sugar.